

World Plot 971

Chapter 971: First Red Star - Expulsion Request

Amber Dawn had accepted her death when she couldn't think of another way to rescue herself and closed her eyes. Thinking of meeting death quietly, she suddenly felt her plummet slow down and a touch of warmth encircled her. When she opened her eyes, a pair of green orbs peered at her, slightly perplexed.

Conri Lycaon, who strives to have no interest in anything in this Academy, suddenly saved her. She was taken aback when she saw his face up close. Even a quiet beauty was something she admired as a face-con. She just kept staring at him with dazed eyes and almost drooled at the close-up of his handsome face.

Conri Lycaon grasped her right hand and glanced at the white and fading Azalea on her hand as they eventually reached the ground. He appears as though he can't believe what he's seeing and glances at Amber Dawn with a troubled expression.

Conri Lycaon asked, "Do you have a terminal disease or something?"

"N-No..." Amber Dawn stuttered for a moment as she was asked such a question.

Conri Lycaon asked, "Then why did you jump off the school building?"

"Jump off? I didn't... Someone called me there and suddenly pushed me off. I saw their faces, I'm going to the Headmaster to complain." Amber Dawn said.

Conri Lycaon was ready to ask additional questions about Amber when she was separated from him by Esther Dawn and Asher Light. The two men immediately pulled Amber Dawn behind them, demonstrating how protective they are of her. Even if they had seen Conri Lycaon save her, the fact that he was of a different race than theirs suggests otherwise. After all, the three sides had never agreed on anything.

Asher Light said, "Let go of her!"

"Amber, are you alright? Are you hurrying somewhere?" Esther Dawn asked as he frantically checked on his younger sister.

Amber Dawn was as calm as always and said, "Brother, I'm alright."

The new leader of the Fenrir Trine scowled at the two humans in front of him. Whilst it was fair that they were wary of him, shouldn't they be thanking him in this scenario because it was he who had saved Amber Dawn?

Amber Dawn expressed her appreciation to the werewolf who had saved her, ignoring the shura barrier between her brother, Asher Light, and her rescuer, Conri Lycaon. As they looked at each other for the first time, she observed that his irises were not human and were vertical like a beast's. She was certain that this man belonged to the Fenrir Tribe.

Amber Dawn slightly pushed her brother and said to Conri Lycaon, "Thank you for saving me just now. I shall repay you at a later date."

Conri Lycaon ignored the glares coming from Esther Dawn and the Holy Son of the Templar Temple. He only focused his eyes on this female student and that white azalea crest on the back of her hand which had now disappeared.

He asked with a rare gentle tone, "What is your name?"

"My name is Amber Dawn from ordinary class A."

"Amber Dawn. Remember, you owe me one." Conri Lycaon said before taking his leave without any hesitation on his face.

The other werewolf students, on the other hand, were staring at Amber Dawn. Because they were from a tribe with keener eyes, they had spotted the crest on Amber Dawn's right hand and were perplexed and astounded. They were aware of the imprint but were baffled as to why it would emerge on a human female.

Amber Dawn's view of the hottie leaving was obstructed by Esther Dawn and Asher Light.

Asher Light, in particular, grabbed her hand and cleaned it diligently as if she had germs on it. Asher Light has a grimace on his face that doesn't match his heavenly aura. He seems to be an average human without his hallowed aura surrounding him as if a God had fallen into the mundane world.

Amber Dawn asked, "You know that man and he is someone you guys hate." Her tone was like a declaration as she was sure of what she had witnessed for herself.

Esther Dawn with a dark face said, "Amber, stay away from that man! He is the new Werewolf King who was rumored to have killed the former king to get his current position. He killed his own father."

"Brother, without proof rumors are just rumors. Plus, if that guy didn't catch me I would have died. The ones who pushed me off the rooftop are maniac fans of Asher and that... that Vampire Lord." Amber Dawn said.

Esther Dawn and Asher Light didn't expect that Amber Dawn's fall wasn't an accident. Who would have thought that it was mad made and intentional making the faces of the two men dark in fury?

"How could they murder for such a stupid reason!?" Esther Dawn exclaimed. He then looked at his sister and asked, "Do you remember their faces? I will report them personally to the Headmaster."

"I remember but... Some of them are from the vampire race. Would this complaint cause issues between two races?" Amber Dawn asked.

Asher Light said, "So what if it is... They should be punished accordingly after all the rules forbid killing between students unless one side has overstepped their boundaries. Leave this to me. Esther, send Amber back. I will go find the Headmaster instead."

Esther Dawn consented to his lord's instruction and brought his younger sister back to her dormitory with a nod. Amber didn't say anything since it would enrage his elder brother and friend; all she could do was retain her savior's face and promise to repay him in the future.

Asher Light's face became icy as he watched the siblings go, recalling Amber's near-death experience. He despised the fact that he was only a human and couldn't rescue Amber on his own. Also, he wasn't blind; he spotted Conri Lycaon's weird expression as he gazed at Amber.

The feelings within these green eyes cannot be concealed. As he looks at Amber Dawn, the young werewolf king's eyes are filled with instinctual pampering and caring. This left him with a bad aftertaste. Amber was his refuge, and Asher isn't eager to part up his sole prize. As his visage goes frigid, venom glints inside his gold irises. Right now, this holy son didn't look at anything that shows sacredness but instead a dark nature that all humans possessed.

Asher Light mumbles, "No one can covet what is mine."

He moves away, his body fading into the darkness of the main campus. He returned to the building and erected a barrier that blocked the whole structure before heading to the Headmaster's office and reporting the incident that Amber Dawn had experienced.

A lot happened at Genus Academy in only a day. The three groups almost launch a fight in the Ceremonial Hall at first but are prevented by an instructor named Skoll Ambrosia. A quarrel erupted between a vampire student and a human student not long after the students' opening ceremony finished. It resulted in the vampire (ghoul) dissolving into dust for violating Genus Academy's taboo.

Once the students dispersed to their allotted classrooms, mayhem reigned once more in the Elite Class's classroom. This time, the entire classroom was damaged, and the instructor who was meant to be watching the other students had literally simply watched. He didn't even reach a hand to halt the massive brawl among the students, forcing the school's headmaster to intervene personally.

Suddenly, a fresh complaint had arrived in the face of the School Headmaster, Cassius Ambrosia, the holy son of the Templar Temple, who had come himself and told about how an ordinary student, Amber Dawn, had nearly died as a result of a group bullying of fanatical fans. She was pushed off the rooftop, Asher Light is now requesting that all of those students be expelled.

As Asher Light came over to propose expulsions for several students, Headmaster Cassius Ambrosia was reviewing paperwork about the institution. However, his status as the Holy Son was insufficient to sway the Headmaster.

Asher Light said, "I want these students to be expelled immediately. They have attempted the murder of a female human student named Amber Dawn. I, the Holy Son of the Templar Temple, demand their punishment!"

As the Holy Son, Asher Light had been at the pinnacle of authority in the Templar Temple for so long that he had forgotten where he was. He sought to use his status as the Holy Son to influence the Headmaster. His aspirations can be fulfilled just by speaking words. Sadly, he runs into the wrong person; the Headmaster of Genus School is not your average person.

Cassius Ambrosia, as predicted, cast a quick glance toward the holy son before returning to his paper job. His manner is chilly and calm, and his demeanor is careless.

The Headmaster said, "Give me the proof for me to approve their expulsion. A solid proof, a photo, video, or recording. Provide me one of these and your request can be processed immediately."

Seeing the attitude of Headmaster Cassius, Asher Light felt that he was being looked down upon. He felt enraged yet still tried his best to control his temper.

"I shall get a record of their confession. Just expel them for now!" The holy son demanded.

Cassius Ambrosia spoke, "Give me proof and your request shall be processed. Didn't you read the rules of the Academy? Do not waste any more of my time. Leave."

The Holy Son lost his temper and took powerful strides and stood before the table of the Headmaster. A loud sound of banging echoes within the office.

BANG!

A few papers on the table flew from the force of the Holy Son's hand that landed with great force on the office table. Such disrespect would be inconceivable for a student like Asher Light. This time, he lost his cool not only because he was ignored, but also because he felt belittled by the Headmaster in front of him. Yet, Cassius' demeanor is deadpan and forlorn.

Asher Light bellowed, "Are you deaf!? I am ordering you to expel them!!"

"Remove your hands from the table." Cassius Ambrosia said. Still calm, emotionless, and dignified.

But such a reaction only strengthened the Holy Son's opposition. When he lifted his right hand to cast a spell, Asher Light intended to teach the Headmaster a lesson. This is a punishment spell that gently tortures you with its mild aspects. Headmaster Cassius tilts his head and makes a poker face at the Holy Son, but Asher can see the false emotion inside those silver eyes. He was mocking him silently. What didn't he know is that he

had finally run out of time.

He was going to strike the Headmaster as punishment for disregarding him when another person appeared out of nowhere and grabbed Asher's wrist. The strength of that hold quickly fractured the bone in the Holy Son's wrist, causing him to cry in agony.

Crack~

AAAAHHHHH!!!

Meanwhile, the two cardinals had made their move after hearing their Holy Son's painful scream. They attempted to assassinate and ambushed Fenrir Skoll, who had arrived unexpectedly. Cardinals Darius Rueden and Lemuel Elon, the former snatching back the Holy Son and the latter attacking Fenrir Skoll.

When Cardinal Lemuel's metal staff fell on Fenrir Skoll's torso, it was unexpectedly ineffective. His muscles were steel-hard, as evidenced just by the hardness of Fenrir Skoll's right arm. Cassius Ambrosia wasn't startled to see Fenrir Skoll arrive out of nowhere. He was well aware that this dog, like him, is capable of teleportation.

Fenrir Skoll grinned and disappeared, as a raw and viscous bloodlust descended on the two cardinals and the holy son. They all sank to their knees, their bones cracking from the strain that had suddenly fallen on them. Fenrir Skoll stated that his voice was utterly frigid and harsh, making those three mute and unmoving.

"Attacking the Headmaster. Rude tongue. Such an ill-mannered student. How do you want to die?"

Chapter 972: First Red Star - Rumors

The voice that emerged from Fenrir Skoll was unfathomably chilly. There's a sense of rage and haughtiness, as well as a ferocious need for blood that only people who'd been slaughtered can exude. The aura that was approaching them, however, was suffocating, as if they were a fish jumping out of water. They thought that this person had complete control over their lives and deaths.

"How do you wish to die?"

The tone was calm, but Asher Light was afraid. After calming down, he ignores his broken wrist in order to flee the enraged teacher who materialized out of nowhere before him.

Asher Light said, "Let go!" He couldn't control the trembling of his voice.

Fenrir Skoll reached out another hand with the intention to do something worse when the two Cardinals tasked to protect the Holy Son blasted inside the office and even destroyed the door on the way.

BAM! CRASH!

The two old men in red robes jump towards Fenrir Skoll intending to save their holy son.

"LET GO OF THE HOLY SON!!"

Fenrir Skoll stares at the two old men in red robes with indifference and disdain in his black irises. There is a bit of glinting crimson shade which no one had noticed due to immense fear.

"Useless. Scram!" A cold voice comes from the Werewolf Ancestor.

A vicious aura hit the two cardinals making them fly out and hit the walls of the office with a loud bang. It was unknown whether those old men were still alive.

URK!

"R-Run... Y-Young Lord..." The two cardinals fainted as the aura that hit them was more than twice what they could be blocked and their internal injuries were a bit fatal.

As Fenrir Skoll's steely gaze fell on Asher Light, the young man finally realized what prey might feel in the presence of his predator. Trembling and rigidity of his limbs, unable to speak, and dazed as if shocked.

Asher Light stuttered yet did his best to voice the following words,

"I'm sorry. S-Spare. Please..." Pleads the Holy Son.

Fenrir Skoll is completely unaffected by his words, which is tragic. He had intended to look at him as if he were a dead corpse. A familiar yet icy-like voice resounds in the room just before the second-hand rests on Asher Light's head. The tone remains frigid, but there is a sense of hopelessness mingled in.

Headmaster Cassius Ambrosia spoke, "Calm down, Skoll."

Fenrir Skoll's hand halted in the air as the man's ruthless demeanor faded when he turned around to look at Cassius Ambrosia.

"There is no need to punish him?" The werewolf ancestor asked.

Cassius Ambrosia nods, seeing Fenrir Skoll lose interest in the obnoxious brat. Asher Light's right hand had fallen boneless by his side, and his wrist was twisted at an incorrect angle, making it appear agonizing. Yet the young man didn't dare to say anything for fear of attracting the notice of the beasts in front of him.

The School Headmaster said, "Student Asher Light of Elite Class. You broke the rule of ill-mannered actions toward your instructors and headmaster. You also tried to use force to make them listen. You shall be punished accordingly."

"Since this is your first offense, you wouldn't be expelled for breaking the rules. Consider your broken wrist as punishment. That cannot be healed by any way except natural means. You are suspended for one week and would be forbidden to leave your dormitory for one week."

Hearing the Headmaster's lenient verdict startled Asher Light. He lifted his head to face the headmaster and stated that he was calm from start to finish. He is not displaying any rage or emotion. He was very serene and composed as if he couldn't see him at all.

Asher Light lowered his head and said, "Please forgive my rudeness, Headmaster. It shall never happen again. I will gladly accept the punishment."

"I will have someone investigate your company from before. If what you reported is true, the said students involved would be punished accordingly." Cassius Ambrosia said. "You may leave. Take your escort with you."

Fenrir Skoll said, "Heal them so you would have to drag them out of the door. Scram!"

"Yes, Instructor Skoll." Asher Light wasn't angered by his instructor's coldness.

After all, he had previously been disrespectful. Also, it appears that Instructor Skoll and Headmaster Ambrosia have a relationship. I need to do further research on their identities before making my next step. The holy son launched a healing spell on the two cardinals, curing their interior ailments instantaneously. They stare at the two men in the office, but the Headmaster ignores them, while the instructor dismisses them.

Fenrir Skoll spoke, "You are lucky. Next time you broke the rules, next time I wouldn't be merciful."

Cardinals Darius and Lemuel couldn't overlook a chill on their backs. Based on what this teacher in front of them had said, he was hinting that the aura attack they were witnessing right now, including the

pressure, was something he conducted while holding back the majority of his strength. The three of them couldn't disguise their amazement.

"You are in the way," Fenrir Skoll sneered.

He snapped his fingers and transferred the three of them immediately out of the building. He did care about the place they came from. The Templar Temple was evidently too weak for Fenrir Skoll, for him to give them any consideration.

The holy son and the two cardinals opened their eyes to novel yet familiar surroundings just beyond the main campus. The familiar big structure in front of them, students emerging in groups from the building, and the trees and greenery around them.

Shocked, Cardinal Darius murmured, "This place is... outside the main campus!?"

"Was that teleportation just now!? He can teleport other beings other than himself!?" Cardinal Lemuel exclaimed.

Cardinal Darius said to their holy son, "Saint, this is not good. We can't avenge you on our own. We must report this to the Pope immediately."

"There is no revenge. I plan to stay here, so there is no need to make their impression of me worse than it is now. Hiss!" He accidentally tried to move his broken wrist and felt a stinging pain that directly involved his nerves and bones, making it even more painful.

Groans~

Cardinal Lemuel asked, "Why don't you heal your wrist, Saint?"

"I've already tried. It was useless," Asher Light said as he felt his whole right arm was broken. "Send a doctor to my room. I'm returning to the dormitory to begin my punishment."

"As for the rest, it depends on you what you want to do. You can report to the Pope what happened but don't incite war. Without knowing anything about those two, our side would never have the upper hand."

The two cardinals saw their holy son's meaning and accepted his answer. They brought the holy son back to the dormitories before departing. Several students have noticed how seriously Asher Light has been injured. Numerous rumors circulated around the academy.

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Dormitory on the East Side

The rumor that Asher Light was returning to his dorm with a fractured wrist quickly spread among his archenemies. Even the werewolves had heard about it and swiftly informed their young tribal head, Conri Lycaon.

Conri Lycaon was holding a book in the dorm library, but he wasn't reading it. Instead, he was gazing at the back of his right hand, at the azalea flower shape on it, unlike Amber's fading azalea, which was white. Amber Dawn's irises are the same color as his flower. Azalea's meaning is temperance and caution, which characterized Conri Lycaon's nature. He was clearly bewildered because he was lost in thought.

The crest shared by mates would often have a significance or aspect that was unique to the two parties. Snowflake Imprint, like the black snowflake Cassius Ambrosia and Fenrir Skoll share, is Hei Anjing's favorite element, while Ye Xiajie was born with an unbreakable bond with the darkness which is synonymous with black. So when Conri Lycaon saw the crest that materialized out of nowhere in his hand, he realized it was the famous crest between a werewolf and his Luna. He couldn't believe that his fated mate was a human female.

At the same time, the young werewolf king was puzzled. Amber's crest was more vividly colored than his. He wouldn't be able to believe she was his Luna if the form wasn't exactly the same as the one on the back of his hand.

Conri Lycaon mumbles, "I couldn't understand. How come her crest had white fading color which is not similar to mine? I should get someone to bring some books from my foster father's study. There should

be something that can explain this situation. No... I can't ask someone else. I will go home to check on it personally. Albeit I put her in harm's way."

He was preparing to return the book he took but ended up not reading back to the bookshelf when suddenly one of his men came running with urgency to report something to him.

"King! Wolf King! I have something to report! They said after that female human fell from the sky and was saved, the Holy Son personally went to the school headmaster to complain. But he ended up coming out with a broken wrist and his escorts smelling like blood."

With a slight frown between his eyebrows, Conri Lycaon asks, "They got beaten up? Did you get who did it? Is it the Headmaster?"

"No one knows. But I think it wasn't the headmaster because some students said they saw Instructor Skoll holding a bouquet of roses and were on his way to meet the Headmaster. King, do you think he did it again? Hiss~ that teacher is too terrifying! How can he be that strong!? Aren't the escorts of the Holy Son both cardinal class!?"

Conri Lycaon spoke, "Just keep the school rules at heart and Instructor Skoll wouldn't move a hand. Is it that hard to keep the rules in mind?"

The werewolf was taken aback. He couldn't reply to their young leader's statements at all.

After all, most werewolves were irritable and couldn't manage things that could be done with force or vigor.

Conri Lycaon said, "Get me a slip of an excuse letter. I will go back to our territory for a while to check on something."

"What should we do about the human with the King's Crest?"

"Do not openly approach. Just protect her from the shadows," commanded Conri Lycaon.

"Understood, King!"

At the West Side Dormitories...

The blood clan also received word that Asher Light had been crippled by someone. They also assumed it was done by Instructor Skoll, who enforces the academy's regulations. Meanwhile, Athan Vladimir, who had just gotten the news, was engrossed in reading the school regulation book and gloating when he learned Asher Light had fractured a bone.

Athan Vladimir spoke, "Hmp! He deserves that. Who made him think he can move the headmaster!? Anyone who moved the school headmaster had to face the wrath of Instructor Skoll after all."

"My Lord, this is the report about that female student who caused the death of that ghoul. Her name is Amber Dawn and an ordinary human. She has a brother and this person serves the Templar Temple as the Archbishop. He is quite strong."

"I don't care about my human brother. I want to know the relationship of that woman to that stupid Holy Son." Athan Vladimir said.

"They say... she saved the holy son once. It was the same day... the lord got ambushed by him when he infiltrated our territory."

".... So she is the reason for his injuries, that stupid saint is still alive! Get someone to tail her. I want to know every single thing about that human female!" ordered Athan Vladimir.

Chapter 973: First Red Star - Try it. It's all yours.

At the North Dormitories...

The human dormitories are filled with both ordinary and special humans. They were likewise surprised to see their Holy Son return, led by two Templar Temple Cardinals with broken right arms. Holy elements alone cannot cure the twisted bones. They couldn't figure out why such a basic ailment couldn't be cured by their skills, particularly the light elements held by the Holy Son.

Esther Dawn and Amber Dawn were taken aback by the present status of Asher Light. He wore a sling over his shoulder and hung his right hand from it.

"What happened to you?" exclaimed Esther Dawn.

While checking on Asher's right arm and wrist, Amber Dawn said, "Your wrist bone isn't broken but dislocated. Though for some reason I can reconnect your bones. Where did you go?"

"Headmaster's Office. I reported what happened to you. But... Overdone it and got punished by Instructor Skoll when I tried to attack the School Headmaster." Asher Light storied.

As Instructor Skoll's name was uttered, the two siblings' expressions changed into somber and gloomy. They had firsthand observed that person's prowess and experienced his suppression. Even though he appears to be unconcerned about the world, once he makes his move, things are likely to alter. An individual who possesses the strength and ability to affect change in the world is believed to be at the pinnacle of power.

Amber Dawn scolded the Holy Son on the spot, "Are you crazy?! Do you not want your life anymore!? Be thankful he only broke a wrist. Of all the people in this academy you had to choose the Headmaster, obviously, the relationship between Instructor Skoll and the Headmaster is not simple. No wonder he got angry."

"S-Sorry... I was just too angry. Those students tried to kill you! I just wanted them to be gone." Asher Light said while avoiding Amber Dawn's eyes. This was the first time he had seen this girl angry. "The Headmaster wasn't furious about what I've done and told me that they would investigate what happened to your case. It's just that I am suspended and couldn't leave the dorm for one week. So~"

"I didn't ask you to do that!" Amber Dawn said. "Didn't you almost die because of it!?"

"That... Because of my temper that I..."

"No more excuses. Get inside the dorm and rest. Your hand would heal on its own."

After delivering these remarks, Amber Dawn walks away. She was clearly furious that Asher Light had nearly lost his life again, and this time it was due to her. She was both delighted and irritated. After all, aside from her brother, Esther, only Asher was good to her in this strange world.

The Holy Son panicked when he saw Amber walking away, "A-Amber?" Unfortunately, now that he had returned to the dormitory, his punishment was in effect. He can no longer leave the male dormitories unless his punishment is finished.

Esther Dawn said, "Don't worry. She would talk to you again after she finished getting angry. Let's go to the dormitories for now so his highness can rest."

"Sigh~ Okay..." said Asher Light. "Esther, can you send someone to investigate the identities of the Headmaster and Instructor Skoll?"

"Sure, leave it to me." Esther Dawn said.

Then he remembered Conri Lycaon's expression when he had just saved Amber Dawn. His face darkened simply thinking about that unpleasant dog's look as he stared at his treasure.

"Don't forget to send someone to guard Amber. I think she caught the attention of Conri Lycaon and Athan Vladimir."

"How could that be!? I will send the strongest people from my side." Esther Dawn said in a state of disbelief.

Asher Light warned once again, "Have someone watch the side of Conri Lycaon. I don't feel like he is up to something good."

"I will make sure Amber is not alone at all times."

Back to the Headmaster's Office...

Cassius Ambrosia was currently sitting on the couch, chewing on rose petals, taking a break from his duties. These roses feed on Fenrir Skoll's blood and can be termed roses from the heavens because the blood of a God was utilized as fertilizer to boost their production. This rose is like a delectable supplement for a vampire like Cassius Ambrosia, who has never tasted blood since birth.

Fenrir Skoll understood that his wife from this world could not eat anything like humans. Human food tastes like sand to him, while fresh animal blood and flesh taste like mildew if his wife tries it. After all, Cassius Ambrosia, like his wife's soul part, was a Deviant God who was not supposed to exist in this world.

The world is rejecting him, and no matter what the celestial rules of this world do, they will not be able to exterminate this bug known as Cassius Ambrosia. Instead, it chooses to disregard it. This time, however, Fenrir Skoll, this cannon fodder was abruptly replaced by an outsider soul that is more powerful than the bug known as Cassius Ambrosia. The Divine Laws were suppressed as the Real God of this world. It chooses to ignore these two and treat them as if they don't exist as long as they don't harm his world.

Fenrir Skoll has the Nether System Mall, which allows him to redeem resources that are only available in the Upper World. He purchased blood-nourishing herbs and mythological beast meat that his wife can undoubtedly consume. He doesn't require a point to redeem anything as he is the Lord of the Nether System. He is free to take anything he desires. But it needs

to be replaced when he returns back to their original world.

He was really wearing his wife's crystal snowflake earring. He didn't put it on his ears because he was concerned about breaking or losing it. Yet, because the miniature world in that snowflake crystal was made entirely with his wife's aura, everything that could be consumed in there was compatible for both of them to eat.

Fenrir Skoll carved a rose petal pastry and placed it on a little dish in the shape of a rose.

Comparable to floral pastries from the ancient world, but prepared using contemporary methods. The outside of the shell is rather crunchy, but the inside is soft and creamy. The materials chosen were heavenly treasures that even Gods would yearn for. Without a doubt!

He put his blood in it so his vampire wife could eat it.

Cassius Ambrosia noticed the rose-shaped pastry on a little gold plate served on the table in front of him by his mutt. He believed he could eat this little thing after smelling the fragrance of flowers, milk, and sugar as well as Fenrir Skoll's blood.

Fenrir Skoll said, "Try it. If you can eat this I will make some more for you tonight."

"You... Did you use your blood for this thing as well?" asked Cassius Ambrosia.

Fenrir Skoll chuckles as he could see the shock in his wife's argent eyes.

"Chuckles~ Try it. It's all yours. Don't worry about that bit of blood. You won't be able to drain me even if you take it for a lifetime."

"Why don't you try it first?"

Cassius Ambrosia fixes his gaze on the spoon of pastry in front of him. He simply paused for a few seconds before opening his lips slightly. Fenrir Skoll grinned as he gently fed him. Cassius' mouth overflows with a faint taste of sweetness and blood once the pastry lands on his tongue.

That was a hundred times better than the roses he was snacking on. Inside his crystalline irises, a glimmer of light emerged. It didn't taste like sand as it had before when he sampled human food.

Cassius Ambrosia said, "Not bad."

The Werewolf Ancestor smiled and didn't ask anything about the taste. His wife's small reaction was proof enough that he was successful in creating food that suited his tastes. His wife's favorite food is sweets. Moreover, he used to eat all the time before, and it was upsetting to see him not eating at all.

"I knew you would love this. You love eating sweets and pastries the most."

Cassius Ambrosia was perplexed by the words Fenrir Skoll had just stated. As though this man had known him since the beginning. He could still remember his expression the first time he murdered him. As he materialized before his eyes, his eyes exhibited astonishment, and despite dying under his own hands, Cassius had never seen wrath or fury inside those crimson eyes. There are instead yearning and deep emotions, he had no understanding about.

As they spend more time together, the confusion that rattled his heart grows deeper. Yet he permitted this individual to remain by his side because he knew deep within his soul that this person would not hurt him in any way. Despite the fact that he was aware that this man was concealing a great deal about himself from him.

Cassius looks at Skoll, who was about to serve him another pastry. His body moves first, followed by his mouth opening to be fed. Fenrir Skoll appears to be so accustomed to it that he continues to spoon-feed him until the miniature dessert is consumed. He was surprised to see this werewolf give him a glass of clear water. Obviously, he is unable to drink water as he is a vampire

Fenrir Skoll said, "This is Heavenly Spring Water. Try it if you can drink it."

"Are you worried that it might be poisoned? I will drink first before you do."

The Werewolf Ancestor downed a few sips and drained half of the water in the glass before offering the remainder to his wife. He can't let him consume sweets while refusing to drink water. Cassius Ambrosia drains the water from Fenrir Skoll's glass, which is shockingly delicious. He could drink it and feel refreshed as if he were drinking mint tea in the summer.

Pushing the empty glass back to Fenrir Skoll the headmaster said, "More..."

"Sure. I will leave a pitcher here for you and a box of the rose flower pastry you ate just now. Don't forget to drink water every time you eat your pastry." Fenrir Skoll said.

The Monarch of the Night accepted these things which he can eat and drink and realized that Fenrir Skoll is about to leave for somewhere.

The School Headmaster suddenly asked, "Are you going somewhere?"

"Um. I need to plant more roses for you. The location is still behind that Chapel in this Academy." Fenrir Skoll said.

For some reason, Cassius Ambrosia can sense if this man is lying or not. Just now he knew that he was saying the truth and just nodded his head in agreement.

"Un. You may go. I will continue to work."

"I will be back soon. I'll pick you up after you finish your work." Fenrir Skoll said as he rubs his face on his shoulder. At least for him, this is the most intimate move he can do to his wife at this moment in his human form.

Despite Cassius not appearing to dislike his animal shape, he is nevertheless uneasy with his human form. This is because his wife was not used to other people's touch in this world and associated physical contact with discomfort. Being able to press his cheek against this vampire lord's shoulder is already a decent way to demonstrate their intimacy.

Cassius Ambrosia watched as Fenrir Skoll left to return to his table. He looks down at the pitcher of Heavenly Spring Water and the box of Rose blossom pastry created with that man's exquisite blood.

"Where had he gotten these rare things? I've only seen Heavenly Spring Water in Ancient Scrolls." Cassius Ambrosia mumbled as he helped himself to another cup of Heavenly Spring Water.

He couldn't help but lick his cerise lips as if savoring the new flavor he had tasted in his life.

He whispered, "But compared to the taste of his blood this is quite plain..."

Chapter 974: First Red Star - Amber Dawn at the Chapel.

Meanwhile, Amber Dawn was unhappy knowing that Asher Light had put himself in jeopardy for her sake. She was not only a superb assassin in her previous life, but also an orphan who had never known what it was like to have a family. She only accepted the generosity of her eldest brother, Esther Dawn, and Asher Light in this world.

These were precious to her. The first is her family, and the second is her first friend. She couldn't afford to have them hurt or killed. If something happened, she would undoubtedly lose it.

She stormed out of the North dormitory and wandered about aimlessly. The properties controlled by Genus Academy are far too vast, and it would be easy for a new student to become disoriented. Amber Dawn realized she was lost as she looked about at the strange place her feet had led her to.

"Next time," she grumbled, "I should go to the school library and memorize the school map."

Amber Dawn continued walking around and came to a derelict church. The church appeared nothing much, and the well-kept trees and greenery around it stood in stark contrast to how this church appeared.

"An abandoned church?" Amber Dawn muttered.

Suddenly, her countenance became solemn as a gust of wind blew from the cathedral in her direction, carrying the aroma of blood with it. Then she recalls the other species at this academy, such as vampires and werewolves, and considers the worst-case scenario that may result in the bloody scene.

Amber Dawn searched her pockets for a makeshift weapon and discovered a ballpoint pen.

She enters the chapel quietly and calmly. The interior of the church was not what she had anticipated. It was cleaner and more opulent than other cathedrals she had seen. Yet such a scenario just made her more watchful; she looked around and saw no one inside the chapel.

She discovered a side door that appears to lead outdoors and to the church's back section. When she approached the door closer, the fragrance of blood became stronger, causing her to scowl. Being a former assassin, she had a keen awareness of how long the blood had been spilled.

"This is... the aroma of fresh blood... I don't have a suitable weapon with me. Should I still go? Tsk... Let's gamble it," Amber Dawn whispered.

She raised her senses to the highest level and moved in the direction of the blood. What she didn't expect to find was a glass greenhouse packed with large Juliet red rose bushes, as well as an open door that appears to be an entrance. She hid behind one of the church's pillars and witnessed a guy slashing his own wrist and using his own blood as fertilizer for the flowers.

She cannot believe what she is witnessing. Amber Dawn mumbles, "Is he insane?" She didn't even feel herself involuntarily gulping at the image, whether it was out of terror or incredulity.

Amber Dawn saw the man's side profile, and his wounded wrist is healing quickly. With such rapid regeneration, this man is clearly not human. As she recognized who it was, she gasped in horror, but someone covered her lips. She has pulled away from the backyard and into the church's concealed chamber.

Meanwhile, Fenrir Skoll, who was already aware of the female protagonist's presence courtesy of System Yue, feigned not to see her. He wanted to know what that stupid priest was planning on doing.

System Yue began assisting his Master, while System Yang remained to safeguard Cassius Ambrosia while the Lord God was away. He'd seen the female protagonist as soon as she walked into the chapel.

[Is it okay, Lord You, to let them go?] System Yue inquired.

Fenrir Skoll keeps trimming the rose bushes and uses part of the flowers to bake a rose-flavored cake. "Forget it. Why should I care about bugs when I have nothing to do with them? Instead, go bring me something from the small world. A Heavenly Treasure or plants to substitute wheat, a few phoenix eggs, and rainbow cow's milk."

[All right] The small moon hovers for a moment before dissolving into thin air. System Yue headed to the couple's Small World to obtain the ingredients required by the Lord God.

Amber Dawn, on the other hand, saw the one who saved her in a chamber someplace within the church. There was a young priest who resembled Asher Light. It's not that they appear like blood relatives; it's only that they share traits like golden hair and blue eyes.

"Thank you," Amber Dawn said. "Who are you? Was that Instructor Skoll just now? What the heck is he doing with his blood?"

The young priest was Keylan Light. She only knew about Amber through the words of his God. He stares at her and observes her closely.

Keylan Light's thoughts, 'Is this her? The Beloved Daughter of the Heavens. Her soul is indeed strong but still compared to that Werewolf she is a lot weaker.'

A voice sounds in Keylan Light's head saying, "Issue, doth not receiveth involved with yond vampire and w'rewolf couple. Those gents w'ren't our enemies."

Translation: [Child, do not get involved with that Vampire and werewolf couple. They weren't our enemies.]

Keylan's thoughts responded to the voice he recognized. As he saw the young girl in front of him, he became frigid, and he realized he had neglected her for far too long.

"Please excuse my rudeness. My name is Keylan, and I am the priest of this church. As for what your teacher is doing... Well, I can explain. For vampires to exist, they need to feed on blood, but the more pure their bloodline is, the less they would just drink blood. They have less compatibility, which is why most pureblood vampires rarely drink blood."

"If they don't want to drink blood directly, roses cultivated with someone's blood are adequate supplements for them. When blood is used to grow roses, the petals of these roses can become their sustenance. There are also purebloods who only eat roses since they dislike the fragrance of other people's blood."

"Don't all vampires drink blood? Wouldn't they perish if they didn't eat?" Amber Dawn wondered.

"No, they don't die if they don't drink blood," Priest Keylan said, "Instead, they go to sleep... a very deep slumber that would be hard to control."

"Vampires have a very long lifespan, and there is a strict hierarchy among them. Purebloods are the strongest, followed by noble blood clans born from the blood of a pureblood, and finally, ghouls, which are low-ranking vampires used as servants by the nobles, and they give their blood to humans to make them ghouls or ex-humans."

"But nobles are simply vampires with diluted blood; they can't generate complete logical vampires as pureblood can, and ghouls had a great hunger for blood and flesh, which is why they were deemed a failure in the vampire race."

Amber Dawn understood his explanation and asked, "How many Pureblood Vampires exist?"

Priest Keylan raises his fingers showing two.

"Just two?" Amber seemed to not believe what he had just said. "Is that Athan Vladimir a pureblood?"

The young priest simply smiled meaningfully and did not respond to her query. He instead pointed to the back of her right hand, which was adorned with a fading white azalea that was slightly shining.

"Do you want to know about this? You should secretly ask Instructor Skoll about it. Student, it's almost time for the sun to set. It is dangerous for you to go home alone at night in this world." Keylan Light said before escorting her outside the church and seeing her off.

Fenrir Skoll completed trimming the flowers in his greenhouse just after Amber Dawn was gone. He's departing with another bouquet of Juliet roses in his hand, as predicted. Fenrir Skoll just gave the priest a lofty look.

As Keylan Light saw him go away, he couldn't help but wonder, "You already noticed her entrance from the beginning, right? Why do you choose to ignore her?"

"Why should I pay attention to things I don't care about? Boring~" Fenrir Skoll took a few steps before disappearing in thin air.

Keylan Light was stunned and asked his God, "They truly don't care about this world?"

"Aye, those gents don't. As longeth nay one offends those folk, those gents wonneth't careth if 't be true coequal ev'rything 'round those folk dies." The voice of the Heavenly Laws responded.

Translation: [Yes, they don't. As long as no one offends them, they won't care if even everything around them dies.]

Keylan Light mumbles, "Their existence is too strange." Observing that the visitors of his church had all left, this young priest pulled in the doors and shut them. He goes back to his room and sleeps for the night.

—

Cassius Ambrosia was picked up at Fenrir Skoll's office as they both returned to their quarters. They, like Instructor Armand and Instructor Klaus, live together, but unlike the previous pair's modest two-story detached condominium, their home is a mansion. This is Cassius Ambrosia's house, and it serves as his temporary residence in the Genus Academy. Fenrir Skoll made a rose dessert for his wife tonight.

Meanwhile, Amber Dawn glances at the white azalea on the back of her right hand after returning to her dormitory and finishing her shower. This is something she didn't have previously, and according to the original's recollections, it's not a tattoo but something she was born with. Yet the azalea blossom in her mind had a brighter hue.

"That used to be pink. A pinkish azalea blossom," Amber Dawn said.

The words of the priest she met in that unfamiliar church, 'Ask Instructor Skoll,' reverberate in her brain. If it weren't for the fact that Instructor Skoll is a terrifying person, she would look at his handsome face all day.

"He's as beautiful as he is frightening. A man with a stunning face, a perfect seme physique, and a lofty yet menacing aura. Like those enigmatic and dangerous villains in the legends. Sadly, he's homosexual. Why do all handsome men end up being gay?!?" murmured Amber Dawn. "Well, I still have a sexy Elder brother and a male god friend, plus the emerald-eyed werewolf, who is a too-stunning close-up. A silent beauty."

Her gaze kept returning to the fading flower in her hand. It seemed as if there was a purpose for it to fade away, and she felt a little sorry about it.

"Maybe... I should ask the instructor tomorrow; according to that priest, he doesn't appear to be a bad person." She shuts her eyes after mumbling these few words.

At the Blood Clan's side...

Athan Vladimir is now receiving information from his servants and is listening to them. Here is the outcome of the report on the identities of the Headmaster and Instructor Skoll, as well as information on the female student, Amber Dawn.

"My Lord, there were no finds on the school headmaster of Genus Academy, Cassius Ambrosia, and Instructor Skoll; nothing in the database yields their names, and the Intelligence Division stated that there are only two possibilities for this outcome."

"The first is that the names we know are bogus and cannot be discovered in the database, and the second is that... Their identities may be more powerful than we believed, identities that cannot be searched anywhere and whose information has been removed from the database for safety."

The ghoul who had come to report was drenched in a cold perspiration, fearful that their Lord would punish him for his actions. Yet there was nothing he could do because nothing showed up for the names Cassius Ambrosia and Skoll Ambrosia. They were as if they didn't exist in society at all.

Athan Vladimir was not enraged by the report's findings. He had previously predicted this outcome based on Instructor Skoll's daring use of his might against the three major groups.

"I knew it would lead to this; give me the usual report as well as the second one I requested this afternoon."

After surviving the first report result, the ghoul heaved a sigh of relief. He had anticipated being chastised or beaten for this revelation. There are no issues with the remainder of the reports because they have all they require.

"Yes, My Lord! The Holy Son and the Young Werewolf King had met this afternoon, after our classes had been dismissed for the day, at the main campus building. That human female, Amber Dawn, had been bullied by the other female students in the academy and was pushed off on the school building's rooftop."

"As she was thrown off the rooftop, the Holy Son and the Young Werewolf King happened to walk by, but it was Conri Lycaon who saved her in the end."

"That Dumb Dog saved a human? Was the sun rising from the west yesterday?" said Athan Vladimir.

Chapter 975: First Red Star - Elite Class's First Instructor.

The lord unexpectedly stated with skepticism and surprise, the ghoul who was presently reporting was unsure whether to continue speaking. He can just keep his lips shut until he is asked to resume his report. Athan Vladimir was still stunned when he heard about Conri Lycaon saving a human. Conri Lycaon was the quietest and most mature of the three successors of the three factions, but he is also the cruelest.

He was capable of ordering the assassination of his own foster father in order to obtain the position he desired. Athan was aware of this since rumors inside the blood clan were all conveyed to him. He also understood that in exchange for this favor, Conri Lycaon gave up a portion of the territory that the Blood

Clan desired the most. Thus he knew exactly how the Werewolf Ancestor died. According to reports, this ferocious werewolf king had personally protected a human female. Furthermore, he had done it himself.

Athan Vladimir couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Finish the report; at the very least, you should know why that obnoxious mutt rescued that person right?" Athan Vladimir said.

"Yes, Sire. They stated it was because Conri Lycaon noticed a strange crest on that female's hand, in the shape of an Azalea flower. As for the meaning of this crest, the spy claims he doesn't know and it is tied to the Fenrir Tribe's treasure."

"A treasure?" Athan Vladimir's lovely face revealed a devious smirk. He seemed to have discovered a new and intriguing toy. "Let's proceed with your report."

"Yes, about the Holy Son of the Templar Temple. It seems he treated that human girl quite well. After the incident where the girl almost died, the Holy Son personally went to the School Headmaster to send a report requesting for the suspects to be expelled."

"However, it appears that rage had affected his head and almost attacked the Headmaster, at which point Instructor Skoll arrived, breaking the holy son's wrist and almost killing the two cardinals. According to witnesses, the Instructor didn't even move a finger, but an extremely suffocating and heavy aura had hit the Cardinals to unconsciousness. They were badly injured and were half-dead."

"The connection between the Headmaster and Instructor Skoll isn't simple. Warn the other not to harm the Headmaster at any cost," Athan Vladimir said, a wince on his face clearly recalling the unknown force that swiftly transformed the ghoul into dust this morning. He wasn't sure whether he was seeing things, but he noticed a little puff of black fire that lasted for a second on that ghoul's body before turning to ashes.

"My Lord, the last report is about a human called Amber Dawn. She is an orphan with only one elder brother, Archbishop Esther Dawn, who is a subordinate of the Holy Son. Her parents were supposed to have died from a mission years ago. He is a Vampire Slayer."

"But the spy in the Templar Temple claims differently; he says Vampire Slayer Richmond was put up in the underground dungeon beneath the Templar Temple itself, and the Temple isn't willing to execute him because he used to be a Cardinals Class Vampire Slayer."

"But, he had broken a temple taboo for which the spy has yet to discover the explanation, and he is still alive and imprisoned underground at the prison's lowest stratum."

"Nothing is known about the mother of the two; it appears that Richmond destroyed all of her data before he was apprehended; no one knows if she is alive or not."

"Do the siblings know about their father?" Athan Vladimir inquired.

"The elder brother knows since he is a Templar Temple member, but the woman is simply an average human. She had no idea about her parents and assumed they both perished in some mission."

"That's great; this information will come in handy." Excited, Athan Vladimir's mood improves.

"You can continue your tasks while keeping an eye on those people's movements."

"Certainly, my Lord!"

Morning, the new day...

At the renovated classroom of the Elite class, all students of the three factions had gathered except that there was only one heir in the class that was present. Athan Vladimir plans to taunt the two nemeses of his about falling in love with a human girl. Never had he expected that the two wouldn't be around the next day.

His good mood fades at this scene, "Where the hell are those two?!"

"My lord, I've asked around them..."

The ghoul's statements were abruptly cut short when two teachers entered the room, one of them being Instructor Skoll, who appears bored as he yawns into the room. The teacher that the headmaster had hired for them would be behind him. The special human and werewolf students didn't react much when they saw another instructor, because the Headmaster had already stated that Instructor Skoll isn't competent at teaching and that another teacher would help him.

Nevertheless, when the new instructor appeared, the Vampires reacted violently. The new teacher looks stunning in the instructor's tri-color suit of white, gray, and black. His pale skin matched that of Athan Vladimir and his party; they were clearly related.

The man's lengthy half-braid waterfall-style plait and dark chestnut hair made him appear a little feminine, yet Adam's apple on his neck proved he is a male. A pair of enticing purple eyes were hidden behind a monocle that hung on his attractive face. Luther D'Arcy is from the Blood Clan/. A vampire of the Duke class. He is the Vampire Progenitor's only direct subordinate.

"Why is he here?" mumbled the young monarch of the night.

Athan Vladimir's eyes widen as he glances at the duke of his clan, shocked to the core. He may be the next successor to the blood clan as their king, but no one in their Vladimir clan is capable of fighting him. So, unlike his great-grandfather, who took the Progenitor's blood to become a vampire, this individual was personally turned by their ancestor.

There are two paths that a pureblood vampire can take. The first is to be recognized by the Progenitor, and the second is to steal his blood when he is sleeping. Only the blood of the Vampire Progenitor can create pureblood vampires, whereas only purebloods can create noble-class vampires, and only the nobles can create ghouls. The Blood Clan's hierarchy is as follows.

The distinction between these two types of pureblood is that the latter have the same power or skills as a noble vampire, but they are capable of bloodline suppression. The former, on the other hand, outperformed all vampires except the Progenitor in terms of strength and bloodline suppression. The latter was Vladimir Clan, while the former was Duke Luther D'Arcy.

This is also why Athan Vladimir is terrified of the Duke. Because he is a vampire second only to their progenitor and far more powerful than his great-grandfather. Because the D'Arcy Clan had no progeny, he became the strongest and sole successor to the Blood Clan's position as Monarch of the Night.

Fenrir Skoll stood at the podium in the center of the classroom, ignoring the hubbub around him. Luther D'Arcy stood alongside him.

For the microphone test, tap the mike. "Tap* Good afternoon, Elite Class. Did you enjoy your half-day rest yesterday? Well, before I introduce you to your new teacher, I'd like to inform you that Student Asher Light will be suspended for a week and will not be able to come to class, while Student Conri Lycaon had requested a three-day leave, which was approved, and would also rejoin class once his leave is over," Fenrir Skoll announced.

These two bits of news caused quite a stir in the class. Others were gloating at the human faction, while the werewolf faction was likewise unwilling to fight because their leader was not there. However, the vampire group was abnormally silent as they bowed their heads, especially to avoid looking the new instructor in the eyes. Even Athan Vladimir had remained silent.

Knock. Knock.

"Quiet. I will now present one of the Instructors who will educate you while in this Academy. There are three instructors for the Elite Class and each of them was from your factions to minimize complaints for prejudices," Fenrir Skoll says, knocking on the platform.

"Here is your teacher from the Blood Clan," he remarked, then looked at Luther D'Arcy and added, "You may manage the remainder from here; I will return if something goes wrong with the class."

"Yes, I will carry out the Progenitor's instruction," Luther D'Arcy said, lowering his stance and bowing before Fenrir Skoll with his right hand over his chest. "I will do my duty thoroughly."

"Do well." Fenrir Skoll just nods his head and walks away. He takes his leave intending to see his wife as he has nothing to do much at these times.

Even after Instructor Skoll had left, there was silence. It wasn't like every student here knew who the instructor before them was. Yet, watching the terrified reaction of the proud young king of the blood race, even others who weren't as astute instantly realized how dangerous the person in front of them was.

But the aura around this teacher was not as lofty and oppressive as that of their Instructor Skoll, they couldn't resist the calmness inside those purple eyes. It was so captivating that people couldn't take their gaze away. A quiet allure of beauty. Nevertheless, as with all beautiful things, the more exquisite a being or thing is, the more deadly it is.

He's like a nightshade flower: Beautiful yet poisonous. An individual who was capable of taking their own life without their knowledge. After all, complete quiet may be as unsettling as a loud noise. Like if you were being preyed on by a predating serpent that could bite you at any time.

Luther D'Arcy remained still in front of the upper-class students. His aura was suffocating, highlighting the disparity in power between him and the other students in the class. This is what the school's principal had instructed him to do. As one of the teachers in a class full of young masters, young kings, and exceptional beings, it is preferable to demonstrate the difference in power and get control of them ahead of time. Like how the original duke did with Athan Vladimir.

His motions were graceful, as if nobility was in his blood. His stance demonstrates his self-esteem and confidence in his own abilities. His eyes were acute and probing, as though every sight was within his calculations. Athan Vladimir's replies reveal his true identity. His initial impression reveals his proclamation and his aura demonstrates his strength. While his eyes instill terror and cause obedience.

"My name is Luther D'Arcy, and I am the Blood Clan's sole duke-class Vampire. I was invited here to be one of the Elite Class's professors, and it is my pleasure to meet you."

As he was introduced, the students couldn't refrain from grumbling. The students, regardless of faction, had become humble after discovering his true nature. Neither one of them has the ability to defeat such a monster. In his class, they could only conform and be truthful.

But, one of the students raised his hand, his gradual climb expressing his reluctance. This student was now the only one among the students who had the authority to ask such a man a question.

"Duke D'Arcy, did 'him' invite you to come here?" Athan Vladimir inquired.

"Indeed, the School Headmaster asked 'him' for a teacher and sent me here, as well as one from the Fenrirs and Mortals. You will meet the rest of the instructors after this week since we had arranged to switch places every week," Luther D'Arcy said.

When he heard the response to his question, the young monarch was shocked. The others have no idea who this 'he' is they are referring to. But, when the other students saw Athan Vladimir's fearful demeanor, they recognized the gravity of the situation. The young vampire king was stunned and made speechless by what he just heard.

Chapter 976: First Red Star - Blood Clan's History

Duke Luther D'Arcy was the first instructor at Genus Academy to teach the Elite Class.

No students in the elite class, even the young ruler of the Blood Clan, had any concerns about his high status among the vampire race and his verified strength.

Even if most students were perplexed by the brief exchange of words between Instructor Luther and Athan Vladimir, they couldn't dispute that the vampire duke in front of them was capable of annihilating any city or territory in this world. This vampire is of Duke level. Among the Fenrir Tribe, he is akin to the elders who have lived for hundreds of years or a Cardinal who is just slightly weaker than the Pope.

Luther D'Arcy overlooks the student's astonishment and amazement in class. A slender wooden baton pointer emerged in his palm, a single wave of it made all of the students' books open in front of their faces, and they couldn't ignore it. They all extended their hands to grasp the book.

"Since there are no more questions, we shall begin the class in history. There are different types of races in this class, so I would first begin with the history of the Vampire race, followed by the Werewolf race, and finally the human race. This is not to show bias on race as I am only following the curriculum given by the Headmaster. Don't overthink anything," said Instructor Luther.

"When the vampire race was not yet called vampires, there was only one existence that summarized the real meaning of blood. The Blood Lord. The Blood Lord is the Progenitor of the Vampire Race. He doesn't age and doesn't need to eat food or drink blood to live. His vessel is capable of regeneration that only takes an instant to activate. He is an Immortal and the closest being to God."

"The Lord of Blood had no weaknesses. Sunlight, Holy Water, and Light Elements are incapable of harming or killing him. Because he heals quickly, no wounds or scars remain on his body. Nothing exists in this world that is capable of inflicting permanent damage on him. Because he doesn't age, humans feared him. They consider him a monster, a deviant that cannot exist with them."

"Therefore the Supreme Lord built a fortress within the Dark Forest, a prohibited place surrounded by darkness and miasma that left humans powerless; there are also countless monsters that have lost their minds due to the effects of miasma that live in this forest, and they enjoy blood and flesh the most."

"But human greed is uncontrollable; there are some who heard about the sleeping immortal in the depths of the Dark Forest; no one knows where the rumors spread saying that drinking an Immortal's blood, even a few drops, would extend someone's life; it wasn't a cure like an elixir, but rather a legend for longevity."

"Some humans crept into the Dark Forest. Many sacrifices were made. Thousands of people entered the Dark Forest, but only fifty humans successfully reached the Dark Forest's center. Fifty out of 1000 humans that entered the forbidden realm lived, while the others all died."

"When they reached the depths of the dark forest, they saw a huge castle hidden in the center of the woodland. They had discovered the location of the Blood Lord's residence. Those survivors all thought they had discovered a treasure grove, but among them asked the group to be on guard. Such a huge castle, there is no way there are no traps scattered within it."

"These people disregarded the Intelligent person's warning and approached the castle not only unprepared but also carelessly, trying to touch everything within and grab anything they could from within, unaware that disaster was already towering over their heads as soon as they arrived."

"Among them is a single human who was abandoned by his squad just because he requested that they not enter the castle without a strategy; the rest of the crew felt slighted and murdered the one man among them who recommended something different for their protection."

"They stabbed that man and left him dying outside the massive castle's gates as the rest of the team entered without remorse for the murder they had just committed. 49 men entered the castle unguarded and died as a result of the traps. Among the 50 survivors, only two had made it to the throne room, one having lost a leg and the other an arm and an eye."

"They stole the blood of the sleeping man on the throne. No one knows the reason for his deep sleep, but he just sat on his throne leaning his head on one of his open palms. His eyes were tight and those almost white eyelashes were long and thin."

"What puzzled the two intruders was that the man on the throne didn't appear to have a heartbeat and his skin was almost as cold as an old corpse. Despite this man's skin being cold, his body still had blood. They stole a few droplets, but what they didn't expect was for the man sleeping on the throne to suddenly open his eyes."

"Those who have seen him sleeping think how tranquil this sight is; such unrivaled beauty, even his sleeping body is enough to equal a masterpiece. The two Intruders greet the man's eyes as if meeting a pair of moons or admiring a snowstorm with their own eyes, platinum irises meet theirs."

Luther D'Arcy had been droning on for hours. Everyone in Elite Class is learning about the Blood Clan's heritage. Who would have guessed that the first half of the lesson was finally over and the sound of antique bells ringing could be heard throughout the academy?

KLANG, KLANG, KLANG! KLANG~

"We shall continue the lesson in the evening session," the instructor standing at the podium said, closing the book in his left hand. "In my class, there are two rules you must remember: don't be ill-mannered and don't be late. Class Dismiss." Duke Luther remarked before leaving.

No one reacted to him among the humans or werewolves, but the blood race followed Athan Vladimir's movements and rose up. They bow gracefully as they watch the duke go. Before exiting the classroom, Luther returns their bow.

Students were free to do anything they pleased after the afternoon lesson because they had a few hours' breaks before their evening class. They are permitted to eat and travel within the Genus Academy, but they are not permitted to leave the Academy's grounds without the consent of the Headmaster.

An unexpected guest entered the elite class; she is a regular human female student dressed in a white uniform. Amber Dawn had arrived. After reading the school regulations, she fearlessly went up to check on his elder brother and friend.

Knock. Knock.

"Excuse me. Can I speak with Esther Dawn and Asher Light?" said Amber Dawn.

Virtually every student in the elite class had turned to stare at her. Although it wasn't their first time witnessing a regular human, it was the first time they saw someone as daring in the eyes of these vampires and werewolves. Amber Dawn, on the other hand, was quickly encircled by the special human students. It was a Holy Proclamation from the Holy Son that the Amber Dawn be safeguarded at all costs.

Amber Dawn looked around the classroom and noticed that her brother and friend were not present.

"Are they not around? They didn't come to class?" she asked.

Several students in white uniforms with gold linings stood before Amber Dawn and immediately surrounded her. They are Templar Temple descendants or members.

"Miss Dawn, His Highness the Holy Son, and Archbishop Dawn were not in class today. The Holy Son has been suspended for a week and is only allowed to stay in the dorms. Lord Esther had stayed to guard him."

"Please go right away; this area is unsafe!"

"We can't allow anybody to hurt you. His Highness has ordered that Miss Dawn not be harmed in any way. Please return to your class!"

Amber Dawn was taken aback and couldn't understand why the people of Asher Light were acting so strangely. After all, this is the Genus Academy, and any students who violated the rules would be punished regardless of their identities. Anyone who attempted to murder someone would also be

executed on the spot. As was the case with the last ghoul student who plotted to murder Amber Dawn but was killed by Instructor Skoll instead after the inaugural ceremony.

Before Amber could open her lips to reply, someone grabbed her hand, and this man materialized in the shape of a blood mist before her. It was Athan Vladimir who appeared.

"You must be Amber Dawn, the younger sister of Esther Dawn and Asher Light's treasure," said the impressionable ruler of the night. A charming yet seductive smile appeared on Athan Vladimir's attractive face.

Yet, it appears that Athan Vladimir's bewitching beauty did not work on Amber Dawn. Most vampires are naturally seductive, as they were born gorgeous and lovely in comparison to other races. They utilized this on humans they preyed on so they wouldn't resist and would just follow them as if under a spell.

Amber Dawn tried to take back her hand, but the grasp on her wrist was like a claw that kept her in place, and her mood went absolutely frigid.

"Who are you? You better let go of my hand or this would be deemed harassment under school regulations, and Instructor Skoll will undoubtedly appear," Amber Dawn stated.

Athan Vladimir's smile faded as he heard Amber Dawn's words, which sounded like a threat in his ears. He couldn't control his rage and squeezed her hands even tighter, causing Amber to wince in pain. She could only pull out a small bottle and sprayed Athan Vladimir's face. The bottle used to be one of her perfume bottles, but she had it refilled with holy water by the young priest in that abandoned church. What she didn't realize is that holy water blessed by Keylan Light is a hundred times more effective than holy water blessed by the Templar Temple. When the holy water was sprayed on Athan Vladimir's face, he couldn't help but feel his face burning.

AAAAGHH!!

Athan Vladimir yelled in agony, letting go of Amber Dawn's hand. The Templar Temple students flee, dragging Amber Dawn with them. An enraged Vampire King was far more terrifying than a crazed Ghoul.

"Run! To the headmaster's office!"

"Damn! What sort of holy water is that and how can it be that potent!? Did the Holy Son give it to her?"

"Shut up and leave! Don't gossip about your boss!"

When the Templar Temple students led Amber Dawn away, the vampire students surrounded their lord with concern. They can detect marks of burns on his face. Evidently, the holy water used by the human girl is the purest, capable of affecting a pureblood like Athan Vladimir.

AAAHHHH!!

Pants~

"L-Lord!!!?"

"How is this possible!? How can holy water hurt the lord!?"

"Just where did that little girl get it? Holy water that can hurt a pureblood! Humans have grown this much!"

Albeit slowly, Athan Vladimir's face recovers. In this plane, Keylan Light, being God's messenger, might be considered a deity. Even Cassius Ambrosia, the Progenitor of the Blood Race, might or can be affected by the holy water he creates. Yet, it is still incapable of scorching the skin of the Vampire Progenitor. Cassius would barely feel something, a tingling sensation on his skin at most.

"Go! Bring that girl back here! I want Asher Light to explain how he teaches that bitch!" said Athan Vladimir.

The aristocratic vampires and their servants bowed their heads in acceptance of their Lord's commands.

"As you wish, Monarch."

Chapter 977: First Red Star - Hiding in the Church

Amber Dawn had fled with students from the Templar temple. They understood they needed to separate the group to safeguard the safety of the young girl, who is not only Archbishop Dawn's younger sister but also a friend of their Holy Son. If something were to happen to Amber Dawn while those two men are absent, the war between the Templar Temple and the Blood Race would most likely end in disaster.

The team was divided into three groups. One group stops the one chasing them and buys them some time. The second team was sent into the dormitory to tell Asher Light and Esther Dawn, while the last team worked hard to keep Amber Dawn safe as they approached the Headmaster's office.

Regrettably, after the uproar sparked by Asher Light, Cassius Ambrosia relocated his office away from the main campus. He had opted to carry on his work in his mansion within the Academy, summoning the instructors only as needed. If there are difficulties with the school regulations, they should go to Instructor Skoll; however, if there are problems that include Instructor Skoll or anything beyond that man's control, they can go to him.

In Genus Academy the things that go beyond Fenrir Skoll's control are almost nonexistent. Only if things got his wife involve that the possibility of his control over situation would waver but except for this possibility the rest is unchangeable.

Cassius Ambrosia and Fenrir Skoll reside in a mansion distance from the school. These two were never used to being among other people besides themselves, but such a distance takes just a single step for them because they can both teleport. Fenrir Skoll returned home to follow his wife after sending Luther D'Arcy to teach.

Amber Dawn was carried away by some students from the Templar Temple. They were all panicking except for the lady they were trying to protect.

"Why did the Headmaster suddenly change the location of his office!?"

"They said that because his highness the Holy son had caused a ruckus that Instructor Skoll had accidentally destroyed the office. It annoyed the headmaster because he moved his office back to his

home in this territory. But the Headmaster lives at the edge of Genus Academy's territory as he hates crowds."

"So it's the Holy Son's fault!!!"

"Miss Dawn... Do you still have that holy water spray you've used on Lord Vladimir!?"

"I have but... Based on its effect it can instantly kill a ghoul and fatally wound a Noble Class Vampire. Do you want to start a war?" remarked Amber Dawn.

No one responded to her query, so the others began racing faster while cursing. The majority of them were Templar temple disciples and apprentices. They weren't officially hunters or slayers yet, so they couldn't take responsibility for such a terrible matter.

"Ahhh~ it's still so far..."

"Just keep running, dumbass! We are going to get our asses kicked if they catch us."

"There's an abandoned church! Should we hide there!?"

"Go. Thankfully, it wasn't werewolves who were chasing after us or we wouldn't need to run at all."

Werewolves are well-known for their agility and beastly appearance. Their strength rivals that of a powerful vampire. While the Blood clan is well-known for its quick recovery and seductive abilities. Vampires move by using shadows, but because the sun is still shining, they are unable to walk in certain areas. Amber Dawn was attentively listening to their chat when she noticed the young priest Keylan Light sweeping the dry leaves scattered at the church's entrance.

"Father Keylan! Can we hide in the church for a while!?" Amber Dawn shouted while asking.

Keylan Light as if he already expected them to come over had appeared outside the church which usually doesn't happen. This man rarely comes out of his chapel.

"Come inside with your friends," Priest Keylan said with a sacred feeling smile.

Those who joined the Templar Temple were all sensitive to light elements, so when they saw Keylan Light, this young priest surrounded by so many light elements, they were taken aback and clasped their hands in a prayer figure while kneeling in front of the priest.

They appeared to be praying to their God.

"I saw an angel!"

"How can he have so many light elements!?"

"Oh God I pray please don't let us get caught by those vampires~"

Amber Dawn was stunned, she could not understand the weird reactions of these disciples and apprentices. Why would they act as if they were reverencing Priest Keylan?

"Do you want to get caught? Go inside the church already." Amber Dawn urges them to get inside the building so she can close the doors.

The inside of the church featured the customary mix of elegance and simplicity. It was meant to be a tranquil and peaceful place, but Amber Dawn felt uneasy in her heart because of the multitude that was abruptly brought in here.

The four Templar temple students looked around, delighted looks on their faces. The atmosphere inside this church is fairly similar for Templar Temple members like them. Amber only became concerned when she discovered the door leading to the backyard was open.

Amber Dawn whispered to the young priest, "Is he here?" She asked Keylan Light.

Keylan Light responded, "He would always be here at daybreak, before lunch and before dinner. Because the one he wants to feed eats during that time."

"Feeding someone? But I thought blood roses are for vampires?" asked Amber Dawn.

The young priest just smiles at him, but such an expression looks like it had another meaning hidden behind it. Amber Dawn had a thought which shocked her as she realized a hidden truth no one realized.

"Don't tell me..." Amber Dawn mumbled.

A smiling Keylan Light whispered back to Amber Light, "My church cannot be seen by anyone from the other races aside from humans. Though that man is different from the rest he isn't human but still was able to see through the barrier I place around this church. Well if we took his strength as a basis, it wouldn't be surprising for him to do so."

Seeing the other people roaming around the Chapel, Keylan couldn't help but warn them, "You guys can't go in the backyard. Instructor Skoll's favorite garden is located there. If you accidentally destroyed it then... I will pray for you..." I will pray during your funeral to give rest for your souls.

The young priest's words immediately halted the four students who were about to go to the backyard. Especially when they heard that Instructor Skoll owns a greenhouse.

"Can I at least try peeking?" one of the students asked.

The young priest responded, "Go ahead a bit right now, Instructor Skoll is there. Are you sure you want to see him?"

"No!" Amber Dawn abruptly involved herself in their conversation. She already knew what Fenrir Skoll does in the greenhouse.

"If you accidentally angered him, what would you do?" she warned them.

"But I still want to peek. Just once... He wouldn't mind right? Moreover, aren't you guys interested in what he is planting in this place?"

Amber Dawn said, "He was just planting Juliet roses. The one he used to bring every day."

"Eh~ that's all? No ginseng or mandrakes or something like that?"

"Mandrakes? What kind of imagination do you have?"

"Does that thing even exist in reality?"

"Ginsengs do exist? But those are common things. To think Instructor Skoll would plant roses in his greenhouse. He doesn't seem to be the type to like those."

They stayed in the church and prolonged their conversation which lasted for a whole hour. They enjoyed talking and even the young priest got involved in their conversation.

Priest Keylan felt something and decided to excuse himself from these students, "You guys can stay as long as you want. I have something to do so just close the door after you leave."

"Okay~"

Keylan Light went back somewhere within the church as if he had something to do leaving the students on their own. Suddenly, someone forced open the door to the church with a bang.

THUD!

When Amber Dawn and the rest turned to look who appeared, they were surprised to see Asher Light and Esther Dawn. With how they were covered in sweat and almost out of breath panting, everyone can see how nervous they are.

"AMBER!!!"

"Brother? Asher?"

The two ran towards Amber and checked if she was injured anywhere. Only when they saw that she was unharmed that the two sighed in relief.

Esther Dawn said, "We've heard that Athan Vladimir wants to catch you? Did you really burn his face?"

"Un. I sprayed Holy Water on his face." Amber Dawn said.

Asher Light said, "Thankfully you are alright."

"How about the others who helped us block them? Are they badly injured?" asked Amber Dawn worriedly.

Esther Dawn said, "They were just beaten up. Obviously, they don't want to break the School Regulations. Don't worry about them."

"That's good. I don't even understand why we run. It was that vampire's fault that I had to spray holy water on him. He grabbed my wrist too hard. Look, I still have some bruises on my skin." Amber Dawn raised the hand Athan Vladimir had just grabbed and saw a few purplish traces of a person's grip on it.

Asher Light's expression turns cold as he heals Amber's wrist. "It's healed. Go back to your class."

The Holy Son turned to leave after speaking those words. Everyone who saw his frigid look knew he was furious. Allowing him to depart now would mean enabling Asher Light to battle Athan Vladimir. Fighting isn't permitted in the Academy, but when they overstepped their bounds and attempted to murder each other, someone they didn't want to irritate would come. Asher Light was aware of this, but his thoughts were clouded by wrath at the time.

Esther Dawn stopped his tracks, "Where are you going? You can't start a fight. You are currently in suspension. If you fight again your offense would increase and you would get expelled."

"I don't care. Before I get expelled I just need to make sure to kill that bloodsucking bastard." Asher Light said.

As soon as everyone exited the church, another group appeared and blocked their route.

Athan Vladimir and his followers. They couldn't see the church since it was hidden by a barrier that only humans could penetrate. Athan Vladimir and his blood clan see nothing but a swath of towering trees and plant bushes in front of them.

As soon as Athan Vladimir saw them, his reaction was like he saw something as expected, "I knew there is something wrong here. There is a scent of blood but there are only trees in front of my eyes. A barrier?"

"Moreover~ I didn't expect you to be here. How does it feel to be suspended?"

The moment he saw Asher Light, Athan Vladimir couldn't help but start taunting him. Just seeing his face was enough to pissed him off, looking at his face there are still some traces of burned skin on it. It healed fast but a scabbed skin was left behind.

"Ugly mugged face. Your face looks more fitting now than before." Asher Light said while mocking the current appearance of Athan Vladimir.

Under everyone's eyes, the two started attacking one another. It shows how much Athan Vladimir and Asher Light hate one another yet their fight looks like a brawl between two children instead. The Dawn siblings stand at the aides and commented,

"Do they always fight this way?" Amber Dawn asked.

Sigh~

While. Pinching in between his eyes, Esther Dawn responded, "Yes. As long as they see each other they act this way. It was still quite controlled. If they were not in the academy they might even use spells and skills to fight. Since they can't do it they can only brawl like this."

"They are like an old husband and wife." Amber Dawn mumbles.

PFFT! Hahaha~ Everyone was surprised when they heard peals of laughter coming from the church. Meanwhile, others who heard Amber's statement were so taken aback that they forgot what to say next.

Chapter 978: First Red Star - Headmaster's Identity

The laughing echoed across the area, and everyone turned to see where it was coming from. Instructor Skoll was surprisingly standing at the Church's door, holding a big bouquet of Juliet roses, looking like a stunning man waiting for his bride to arrive.

Fenrir Skoll had barely finished laughing when the entire class turned to face him. "An old married couple? Well, that fits them~"

"I-Instructor Skoll?"

"W-What are you doing here?" asked Athan Vladimir.

Fenrir Skoll replied, "Pick some flowers. My greenhouse is hidden in this place, that's why there is a formation around here."

Snap!

A small chapel emerged before the students' eyes with a single snap of his fingers.

The blood clan students can now see the church.

"There is, in fact, a church!"

"How come I missed it entirely?"

"Only the Young Lord saw it, as one would expect from our clan's Monarch."

"In any case, you are not welcome here, and you will damage my garden."

He snapped his fingers again, and the church vanished with the sound. This time, there are no indications of creation or blood scent, nor is there even a slight distortion in space in this place.

"There's a whiff of blood coming from the church," says Athan Vladimir.

Those who didn't understand why everything was happening turned around and smiled haughtily at the careless teacher.

"Of course, there's a blood fragrance. It was this smell you got up from the church, right?" Fenrir Skoll slashed his wrist, startling everyone.

Fresh blood in front of the Blood Clan would cause them to lose control. It is nearly forbidden for people to bleed in front of the vampire race in the Academy. Asher Light and the others from the Templar temple sent all their guards to this situation, but the Blood Clan did not act aggressively as predicted.

Instead, the ghouls fainted while clutching their necks and frothing at the lips. While the noble-rank vampires puked, Athan Vladimir covered his nose and mouth as if his life depended on it. Everyone was stunned by this spectacle.

"Aren't you hungry? Here you go... Go ahead," Fenrir Skoll said.

Fenrir Skoll's aroma of fresh blood was meant to be excellent nourishment for the blood clan, but for some reason, Athan Vladimir was rejecting the scent of his blood. Their response is analogous to smelling a lethal poison that can kill them.

"What the hell are you? How can your blood's influence be so devastating against us?! Who in the fucking hell are you?" shouts Athan Vladimir.

Athan Vladimir's aura was suppressed since he dared to cuss and be impolite to Fenrir Skoll.

"Your bark is the loudest for a weakling, of course, this deity's blood is poison to you, after all, you people are simply so weak," Fenrir Skoll stated.

This time, Keylan Light can't stand by and watch Fenrir Skoll murder one of the world's male leads. The death of Athan Vladimir is subject to celestial regulations, and if they are disobeyed, the plot of the world will be destroyed. Keylan Light simply caused his words to be said and heard, but he did not appear.

"I beg the Lord not to kill that child. We cannot allow the world's fate to be shattered."

"Such a rude and useless thing. I think you can replace it with something more useful," retorted Fenrir Skoll.

Keylan Light spoke, "Supreme Lord please be merciful!"

"I never follow the rules of the weak." Fenrir Skoll spoke as he was intending to kill Athan Vladimir with a slap.

Nobody expected Instructor Skoll to wish to murder Athan Vladimir for speaking disrespectfully to him. Such a commanding posture, indifference to life and death, and a high existence that denies anything he doesn't like or care about. He appeared to be staring down at everything in his line of sight. Athan Vladimir sensed the impending doom that was only a reach away. This was the closest he had ever been to death.

"I... I... I'm sorry..."

"This deity doesn't care..."

Someone unexpectedly emerged just before Fenrir Skoll was ready to touch Athan Vladimir's forehead. A thin, white hand gripped Fenrir Skoll's wrist and drew it closer to his face. His glittering eyes were drawn to Skoll's wrist wound and the spilled blood on the ground.

"HEADMASTER!" yelled the students together.

However, they were unable to capture his attention since all of Cassius Ambrosia's eyes were focused on Fenrir Skoll. Fenrir Skoll, on the other hand, became nervous for the first time when his wife abruptly appeared. His eyes had lost their indifference and harshness.

"C-Cass, why did you leave home? Are you hungry?" Fenrir Skoll wonders.

"Hm, I had to come out with you injuring yourself and wasting your blood like this," Cassius Ambrosia muttered as he assisted his idiot mutt in healing his wounds.

He collected the blood of Fenrir Skoll that had dropped on the ground with a wave of his palm and tossed it toward the greenhouse behind the church. It landed on rose-growing soil.

"You were here for your students?" Fenrir Skoll questioned kindly.

"No, they're not important and can be disposed of at any time as long as they broke the school rules," Cassius Ambrosia explained. "That is the contract that was signed with the First Pope of the Templar Temple, the Ancestor of the Fenrir, and the Progenitor of Blood. I am not here to babysit them, but to observe them."

Cassius Ambrosia could only consume a rose petal that had touched his lips after being fed by Fenrir Skoll personally.

"Wait a minute. I'll cook lunch soon," Fenrir Skoll remarked.

Only when Cassius Ambrosia looks at Fenrir Skoll do his silver orbs soften. He nods in accord with what his werewolf has just said. When he looked about at the others, his gaze became freezing cold once more, becoming even more threatening when it fell on Athan Vladimir. As Athan Vladimir's eyes met the

headmaster's, all of the blood in his body began to boil, and he could only curl and roll on the ground while screaming incessantly.

Ahh~ argh~ agh~

"What is happening here?"

"Holy Son, are you hurt anywhere?"

"No, I am... fine. At least compared to him." Asher Light said while pointing at Athan Vladimir who was about to go crazy in pain.

The two earls from the Blood Clan try to cure their young lord. Sadly, it had no effect no matter what they did.

"My Lord? What is wrong with you?"

"Hot! How come your skin is too hot!?"

"Don't touch him! His blood is boiling. This is... the true blood suppression." Luther D'Arcy said.

Cassius Ambrosia, "You're here."

Even the escort guards from the Templar Temple and the Blood Race approached, but before the Headmaster, they all sank to their knees in an uncontrollable reflex. Only Luther D'Arcy was not compelled to kneel.

'Why the heck can't I control my body and can only kneel!?' pondered all escort guardians.

"You guys are lucky to be here on time, they almost all died," Cassius Ambrosia said as he looked down on them.

"Please forgive our disrespect. We took an oath to uphold your rules, but the young monarch's rudeness is intolerable. We accept the sentence without complaint," Luther D'Arcy stated as he knelt before Cassius Ambrosia.

This was the first time the Blood Clan had seen the arrogant and aloof duke respond in this manner, which surprised even Earl Elena Martel and Earl Thana Dawn. Cassius Ambrosia, however, doesn't care whether they apologize. He had already set his sights on replacing Athan Vladimir with a new heir as the next Blood Race monarch.

"Uneducated and corrupt bloodline. Replace it," Cassius Ambrosia said.

"Certainly, Progenitor!" Luther D'Arcy said graciously, bowing his head.

As the rest of the individuals in the room heard what he had just stated, they all appeared as if they had seen a ghost and gazed at the Headmaster with startled and incredulity expressions on their faces.

"The Progenitor of the Blood Race!"

Cassius Ambrosia spoke, "Luther. Find another heir. The Vladimir Clan whose bloodline is impure due to the stolen blood is not to continue to exist."

"Yes, your orders will be completed as the Lord wished! This Luther will do it personally."

"Leave."

"Yes!"

Luther D'Arcy grabbed Athan Vladimir and rushed away from the scene. Even for a vampire, his speed is out of this world. Yet because he is a pureblood, his strength is unmistakable. Earl Thana Daybreak and Earl Elena Martel were paralyzed by dread. They weren't even there to raise their eyes to the headmaster. They considered such behavior to be blasphemy against their Progenitor.

"Evening Courses will be postponed. Disperse," Cassius Ambrosia said.

"Ah~ Student Asher Light. Going out while under suspension doubles your punishment. Two weeks suspension and your light element shall be sealed. This time you are forbidden to leave the dormitory and your room. Once you escape for the second time you can pack your things as you will be expelled from the academy."

"As for the rest of the students who fought. So to the punishment hall to receive your penalty. Well then... See you tomorrow." Fenrir Skoll said.

He and the headmaster left after saying what they needed to say. They didn't care what happened afterward but thanks to this event the identity of Cassius Ambrosia was exposed.

Asher Light mumbled in shock, "The Headmaster is the Blood Clan's Progenitor!? This is impossible! You mean that person exists! I heard that his existence is closest to the Gods!"

"Is it true that he never liked his race? I hear him talking about the Impure Bloodline of Athan Vladimir."

"Then that roses Instructor Skoll brings to him every day were grown with his blood and gifted to the Headmaster!?"

"This is insane. If the Headmaster is the Progenitor of the Blood Clan, what can be his real identity? Is he another bigshot?"

The two cardinals looked at their holy son and asked, "Your Highness the Holy Son, are we allowed to report this to the pope?"

"Yes, report it. With how things have gone we can't hide it regardless. I'm going back to the dorm."
Asher Light then looks at Amber Dawn. "Athan Vladimir would most likely either get expelled or... would not have time to bother you anymore. I'm sorry for getting you involved, Amber."

"I don't mind. I didn't get hurt thanks to your people after all. Complete your punishment okay? I don't want you to get expelled." Amber Dawn said.

Smiling, Asher Light said, "I will. Come visit me if you have time. Let Esther bring you back to your dorms."

"Don't worry. I will make sure she is back safe." Esther Dawn said.

The startling revelation of the headmaster's identity surprised the human faction, but not as much as the blood race. The great one was their Progenitor, and unlike Duke Luther, Vladimir Clan was responsible for the majority of their bloodline. They didn't know what to do now that the Vladimir Clan was being punished for what the descendant had done. After all, taking either side would end in their deaths.

What Amber Dawn didn't realize was that someone was staring at her. That was coming from Thana Daybreak, the Earl-ranked Vampire. Despite her expressionless face, her look toward the sibling is astonishingly compassionate.

However, most of the individuals in her factions were terrified and didn't notice her strange conduct. Nobody in the Blood Clan noticed her unusual glance, except Esther Dawn and Asher Light. That's why they wouldn't let Amber go back to her dorm by herself.

Those who saw him directly were terrified and almost refused to stay at the academy, particularly the pupils of the blood clan who had previously followed Athan Vladimir's example. When they realized they needed to speak with the Headmaster in order to leave the institution, most of them gave up and attended their classes obediently.

Individuals present that day informed their respective factions of Cassius Ambrosia's true identity. Even the present Pope and the Vladimir Clan, which Luther D'Arcy had decimated, were taken aback and horrified. Who would have guessed that the headmaster of Genus Academy was a God-like being and the progenitor of the Blood Race?

Chapter 979: First Red Star - The Pope, Kenan Light.

The Blood Clan has grown more timid since the day Headmaster Cassius Ambrosia's identity was revealed. Athan Vladimir hadn't visited Genus School since he was kidnapped by Duke Luther D'Arcy,

and most of his servants and subordinates had mellowed with him. They've purposefully stopped hunting for battles.

Meanwhile, Duke Luther returned the next day to resume his lesson as if nothing had happened the day before. He is even oblivious to the fact that Athan Vladimir has stopped attending his classes.

Cassius Ambrosia and Fenrir Skoll were taking a coffee break in the new headmaster's office. They were aware of the changes at the academy, particularly the fact that most students were already aware that their headmaster was the Progenitor of the Blood Clan.

"Is it okay for you to divulge your identity? I was cautious not to let students know about it," Fenrir Skoll inquired.

"It's alright. They'd have gotten it sooner or later because you constantly send me roses created from your blood, albeit this is the first time I've heard that your blood is deadly to the other blood race," Cassius Ambrosia said.

"Saying that it's poisonous is not entirely correct. It's just that the aura in my aura is much purer than the others. Unless they reach your level of strength, my blood will be lethal to them. Next time, you can compare my blood to others, you will be surprised to see the difference between the two," Fenrir Skoll said.

"Hm... The one in the church. Are you close to him? That is an existence closest to the God of this world. If he finds out you aren't the actual Fenrir Skoll, he may do something to you."

"Don't worry, even if he knew, he wouldn't dare to do anything; even the one who supports him is powerless against me." Fenrir Skoll.

Cassius Ambrosia stares at him for a long time without saying anything, but this does not make Fenrir Skoll nervous; rather, it makes him incredibly pleased. He enjoys having his wife's undivided attention.

"If I ask you who you are... Are you willing to tell me?" Cassius Ambrosia inquired.

"I am banned from saying anything about things outside the limits of this universe; if I breach that rule, I won't have the right to stay in this world and will be removed from it," Fenrir Skoll remarked.

"...Then don't say anything."

"But I can tell you my real name..."

"What is your real name?"

"Ye Xiajie. Call me A'Xia. Only you had the right to call this name," said Fenrir Skoll while smiling lovingly at his wife.

Even though the latter had no memories of him or his original life. He is willing to compromise even with a lower world's heavenly rules just so he can stay by his side.

"A'Xia? Not bad..." Cassius Ambrosia commented.

As they spend more time together, their relationship grows stronger. Fenrir Skoll never used his old method of being excessively sticky towards his wife since his wife had no memory of his prior persona. This is due to Cassius Ambrosia being the figure in this world that has had the least amount of interaction with other creatures. It's possible that he was born differently than the rest of the beings in this world, which is why he was always alone before Fenrir Skoll arrived in his life.

On the other hand, a word concerning the true identity of Genus Academy's Headmaster had been received throughout the territories of the other factions. The Blood Clan's Forefather.

Everyone in each faction's top echelons of power was aware of his existence. He is the first entity to form the Blood clan; he is a God to the Vampire Race, and they venerate him as such.

The Progenitor of Blood is well-known for his power and authority. He is the race's most immortal being. A person who has no concept of death. He had lived for a very long period and knew more than others. He is the oldest entity in existence, yet it is also known that he despises crowds and has isolated himself in the Dark Forest.

At the Temple of the Templars... In the human territory's major city, a towering appearing antique pagoda with 13 stories was discovered. The building's construction is comparable to that of the ancient world's tower, but the walls and design are constructed of white and gold, emphasizing its grandeur and sanctity.

A man with long light gold hair and eyes like someone in their mid-thirties was wearing a crimson robe with a golden sun pattern on the top layer of the pagoda. Nevertheless, unlike Asher Light, who has vivid aureate hair and eyes, this man's hair is virtually white.

Cardinals Darius Rueden and Lemuel Elon stand in front of him with polite attitudes. These were the two elderly men that guarded the Holy Son at Genus Academy. They have arrived to report on what occurred at the Genus Academy and the identity of Headmaster Cassius Ambrosia.

"Your Holiness the Pope!" Cardinal Darius Rueden exclaimed.

"There is something incredibly essential to report, Your Holiness," Cardinal Lemuel Elon said.

The Pope in front of them appears to be in his forties, although his age is the same as the two elderly cardinals before him. They appear so young because the light elements in his body were so powerful. He can use it to slow down his body's aging.

Cardinal Lemuel's statements sparked his attention. After concluding his prayers at the altar of the God of Light, the Pope in crimson robes turns around.

Pope Kenan Light asked, "Speak about what important things you are meant to report."

"Your Holiness, a piece of information about the Progenitor of Blood has been discovered. He is no longer in his territory in the deep region of the Dark Forest but in the Genus Academy. He is currently the Headmaster of the academy and the duke-ranked Vampire Lord, Luther D'Arcy vouched for his identity." Cardinal Lemuel Elon stated.

"The Progenitor of Blood came out of his land to be a Headmaster of Genus Academy. Though I knew he had signed the oath with our ancestors to create that school, would he really be willing to stay in a place full of living people? He hates being surrounded by the living the most. Are you telling the truth?" said the Pope.

"We are not lying, Your Holiness; it was Vampire Lord Luther D'Arcy who referred to that individual as his Progenitor," Cardinal Darius Rueden explained.

The Pope considers thoughtfully for a moment, as if slowly processing the knowledge he has just learned. He couldn't believe the aloft Progenitor of the Blood Race had unexpectedly appeared in a place he hadn't expected. Even though the Genus Academy is a neutral zone, that doesn't imply one race has an advantage there.

Furthermore, practically everyone knows how the Progenitor despises human contact; even his most devoted servant, Luther D'Arcy, is not permitted to dwell in his fortress within the Dark Forest.

"Is there anything else?" Pope Kenan Light said. "Tell me all you know about the headmaster and what you experienced while at Genus School."

"There is nothing strange about his conduct within the Academy. He just stayed in his office every day and acted like a normal Headmaster of a school, working on paper tasks all day and nearly never leaving his office," Cardinal Darius explained.

Cardinal Lemuel remembered a guy who was usually with the headmaster. "Indeed, Sire, there is another mysterious man by the Progenitor's side who calls himself Skoll Ambrosia and bears the same surname as the Headmaster. His power is beyond ours, and this man was capable of swiftly destroying both Darius and myself."

"Yeah, this Instructor named Skoll is clearly weird. He wasn't frightened of the Progenitor and regarded him as someone important to him. On the other hand, the Progenitor seems to care about this person as well." Cardinal Darius stated.

"Plus, the Blood Progenitor had ordered Luther D'Arcy to uproot the Vladimir Clan for this person. The former heir, Athan Vladimir, had rudely treated Instructor Skoll and even cursed him a few times. The

Progenitor appeared out of nowhere for his sake. Because of this man, his identity was revealed out of nowhere and it was something we didn't expect."

"Hm~ fascinating. Before you return to the academy, I will submit a letter requesting permission to attend the Genus Academy myself; I wanted to meet the Progenitor of Blood and that man whom he thinks equal," Pope Kenan Light stated.

"Rest for tonight. You may leave."

"Yes, your holiness!"

After a time, the two cardinals left, leaving just the pope to proceed towards the massive balcony that overlooks the entire city. The floor and ceiling of the pagoda were raised above conventional construction levels. These thirteen stories were enough to fill a 30-story metropolis skyscraper.

From this height, the panorama of lights, trees, roads, and people appears little in the pope's sight. He appears pompous and arrogant as if he were a Deity who watches over this area.

The avarice in his brilliant gold eyes left a murky gloom in his physique. That is an emotion that does not match a professed religious believer such as him as Pope.

"Ever since I killed my master and became the owner of this massive temple, I earned all the power and authority to control the human race, but in comparison to long-living beings like the vampire and werewolf races, my strength and longevity aren't adequate," Kenan Light said.

"My Master's powers had only extended my life for a few years; in the next half-decade, this body would begin to age again. I had planned on waiting for Asher to mature completely before taking away his powers, but who could have predicted that before I weakened, another opportunity would fall into my hands?"

"The blood of the Vampire Progenitor is reported to have the same effect of longevity, so if I had it... I'd be able to live longer until I became the ruler of this world... Hahahaha."

The Templar Temple Pope uttered his misdeeds to the wind, which no one else could hear. Yet he didn't anticipate an outsider like Ye Xiajie to enter this realm with two systems capable of seeing the whole universe. He had charged them with gathering knowledge about the world, thus everything in the Templar Temple, even the Pope, was being watched.

System Yue promptly conveyed the words of this pope to the Lord God that night. Only for the Lord God to smile coldly, causing even a System like Zhi Yue to shudder with an innate fear of death.

"It's been a long time since I discovered a person that this Lord wished to destroy with my own hands," Fenrir Skoll mumbled, "And that human is tied to the young priest in that abandoned church here..."

System Yue responded, [Yes, my lord! The current pope is the former disciple of Keylan Light. He was also the heir he had nurtured and chosen as well as the traitor that killed and betrayed Keylan Light.]

Chapter 980: First Red Star - The History of the Fenrir Tribe.

Three days had passed since Athan Vladimir was taken away by Luther D'Arcy. Conri Lycaon finally returned from his territory on this day. He'd studied every book in his father's study and had only learned about the crest and the presence of the Luna. Yet he learned nothing about the meaning of the faded Crest.

He had just recently discovered Luna's extraordinary existence. His/her existence as a werewolf is extremely valuable. He can never live without the other half of his soul and his intended partner, especially when he finds him or her. A Luna is unique to a werewolf. When Luna is discovered, the entire tribe comes together to defend him or her.

This is because, once Luna was harmed, whoever his or her partner was, she or he would always pick her or him over all else. Above the tribe, above the werewolf's own life. That's how significant Luna is. That is why most tribes will defend a Luna from their tribe at all costs in order to maintain pack unity and avert tribal unrest.

Conri Lycaon was taken aback by the changes in class that greeted him when he returned to Genus Academy. Not only had Ashe Light's penalties been increased to two weeks, but Athan Vladimir's position was dire; no one knew whether he would be able to return to the Academy.

The identity of Headmaster Cassius Ambrosia and his relationship with Instructor Skoll is even more surprising. Would their relationship be simple if the Headmaster is capable of eliminating a portion of his bloodline just because one of his descendants misbehaved in front of Instructor Skoll? The headmaster's overprotective affection for Instructor Skoll was obvious.

In the elite class, morning lessons...

Luther D'Arcy hasn't come because the class hasn't started yet. Conri Lycaon was surrounded by pack members who were reporting on what had occurred while he was absent. What he had discovered had still astounded the young werewolf king.

"You mentioned the female student, Amber Dawn, was hunted by the blood clan that day! Did you not heed my commands?" questioned Conri Lycaon.

"W-We did. We did, leader? We helped stop them from pursuing her, but we can't do much against Athan Vladimir. He is much stronger than we combined. We did our best to keep his people back."

"Don't worry, leader. The human girl was not hurt since Instructor Skoll happened to be at the location where they chose to hide."

"We've also made it a point to guard her in secret since that day, but... she doesn't appear to be simple, since she spotted us looking over her."

When they heard the rage in their young King's voice, everyone in the Fenrir Tribe worried; as werewolves, they understood what the imprint crest meant to their pack. Amber Dawn's chances of being a Luna of their tribe are relatively great, especially because she bears the same imprint crest as Conri Lycaon, which unexpectedly emerged on his hand.

"If she is not hurt then that's okay. I will just check on her during break time. Any news about Athan Vladimir?" Conri Lycaon asked.

"As of now, except for the few old men in their clan perishing, the rest were spared, including Athan Vladimir. But I heard he was stripped of his title as the heir of the Blood Clan."

Most students were taken aback by Luther D'Arcy's unexpected appearance. They were even more taken aback when they noticed the student trailing behind him.

"No way... He looks too different from before."

"His aura is much weaker today, but he does not appear to have been killed like his great-grandfather and the rest of his clan members."

"Rumors say Vladimir's bloodline is a stolen one, and because he enraged their Progenitor, their bloodline has been diluted to the point where he can only become a nobility class vampire and no longer a pureblood."

Instructor Luther was followed by Athan Vladimir in class. Athan Vladimir appeared calm and bewildered, in contrast to his proud and arrogant image of himself. His eyes were suddenly vacant as he looked through the remainder of the scenery flashing before him.

Luther D'Arcy stood at the podium, while Athan Vladimir sat at the far corner of the room, clearly avoiding everyone.

"We will continue the teachings from the last time; we ended the history of the Blood Clan and will now go on to the history of the Werewolf Race," the instructor continued.

This time they didn't use any spells to open the books of the students and did it themselves. Instructor Luther still held the small and thin baton in his hands as he turned on the projector in class and started teaching.

"The Werewolf Race, also known as the Fenrir's descendants, is a clan of demihumans who mutated with the rise of nature and gradually developed to have two forms: one human and one beast."

"It was said that God Fenrir is the only beastman in the world. He had two bodies: his human form and his wolf form. Unlike the current Fenrir tribe in the current timeline, though they can use both their human and beast form they are incapable of using both at the same time, thus failing to use the full extent of the Fenrir Bloodline."

Conri Lycaon suddenly raised his hand and asked, "Teacher."

"Hm. What is it, Student Conri Lycaon?" asked Luther D'Arcy.

Conri Lycaon asked, "Is this history real? How come I haven't heard any of this?"

"This is true. At that point, all of your Fenrir Tribe's reference books were delivered by the Werewolf Ancestor, Lord Fenrir, and in order to offer equal knowledge across the three races, the leaders of each faction submitted proof of each race's history," Luther D'Arcy remarked.

He made the book in his hand fly in front of Conri Lycaon and the pupils, revealing an ancient yellowish book that appears to have been authored personally by Fenrir Skoll, since his signature was left on the book cover. Conri Lycaon would never mistake his father's sloppy writing and would be taken aback when he read the Werewolf Ancestor's signature.

Conri Lycaon abruptly rose up and apologized, "Pardon this one's rudeness, and thank you for replying truly."

"Hm. Sit down. Courses are still in class," Luther D'Arcy said, dismissing Conri Lycaon's sudden persecution and forgiving him as soon as he apologized.

Unlike Athan Vladimir, who was harsh and arrogant, this young werewolf king had grown up more mature than his peers. He understood when to charge and when to back down. He appears to be quiet in nature, but beneath this mask, he is highly cunning, which is unusual for someone his age. He was never impetuous and had excellent emotional control.

Luther D'Arcy cast a thoughtful gaze toward Conri Lycaon but made no additional comment. The young werewolf king is the most difficult to read and most suited to the leadership role of the three factions' successors.

'It's no surprise that the Lord God opted to postpone the death of the original Fenrir Skoll. So, even if he did not meddle, this young man would develop into a fine leader in the future. In comparison between Asher Light, the romantic protagonist, and Athan Vladimir, the impulsive male lead. It would be preferable if he were the protagonist of this world instead.' Luther D'Arcy's current views.

"The Fenrir Tribe was blessed by the Beast God, who gave them speed and physical strength beyond the other two races. There is also a situational increase in strength for this race. During a full moon, their strength and speed would increase to 50% stronger than they originally are, and there is also a buff in regeneration during this time," Instructor Luther continued.

"There is one special existence for the Fenrir Tribe. It is there Luna. Luna is an alpha female werewolf who is also the most important existence in the werewolf tribe. Well, there were no literal females in gender. They were called Luna because there are beings who had soul fate with a werewolf, regardless of what race they are born of. A Luna can be born as a human, a werewolf, or even a vampire."

"There is what they call an imprint crest. It is a crest that they share with a werewolf. The characteristics of the crest would be determined by the two parties and the crest would be shared by the pair. It would have the same appearance as the other."

Conri Lycaon was paying close attention when Instructor Luther began explaining the impression crest. This was the most important thing he wanted to learn, so he returned home to go over his deceased foster father's study. He never expected he would hear it in a public lesson such as this one.

Conri Lycaon shouts, "Fading mark? Dead? This is absurd! Isn't she still alive? You're lying. Didn't you say that if Luna died, the crest would fade and disappear? How come she's still alive?"

Luther D'Arcy kept cool when he saw the young werewolf's response since he already knew what this young man wanted to know. Amber Dawn's white fading impression crest. Indeed, she is his Luna, but it was not the present soul that had a fated destiny with him, but rather the original Amber Dawn, who committed suicide of depression.

"Alive? But is she really the original owner of that body?" asked Luther D'Arcy.

Stunned and shocked, Conri Lycaon looked at Instructor Luther in disbelief, "What... Do you mean?"

"Interfering in class and acting rude towards your instructor. Go to the headmaster to receive your punishment. Scram!" Luther D'Arcy said.

Conri Lycaon was taken away by a blast of wind with a wave of his hand. He was sent to the gates of the house where the headmaster and Fenrir Skoll dwell after being kicked out of his class in the middle of the teachings.

The students who observed the young werewolf king being ousted were astounded. Conri Lycaon had already lost control of himself, but being sent away instantly by Luther D'Arcy made them recall Instructor Luther's two rules. They should not be late for class and should not lose their manners. Conri Lycaon violated the second rule and was excluded from the class.

"Ah, so we will be sent to the Headmaster directly if we broke the rules."

"So scary. I should remember the two rules in Instructor Luther's class very well."

Athan Vladimir observes the sight with disinterest. He can now see things more clearly than before after losing everything he is proud of in a single day. Factions and influence were meaningless at this School. Only rules are supreme. So he wasn't shocked when Conri Lycaon was escorted out of class for violating the rules. After all, as compared to their Progenitor, Duke Luther is gentler for just booting Conri Lycaon out of class.

"He deserves it, but... to think he'd lose his anger over that crest." Athan Vladimir murmured, "I assume the identity of that woman is much more than I imagined; I wonder which of Asher Light or Conri Lycaon would be able to have her. What a femme fatale..."